

The Bee

SIXTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1896.

NO. 18.

ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

(INCORPORATED.)

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,
342 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

R. G. ROUSE, Manager,
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

CAPT. T. L. LEE, Manager,
Cor. Main and Auction Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

A. S. FORD, Manager,
327 Upper Second St., Evansville, Ind.

Wholesale Agents, HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail **COAL** and **COKE** TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

The development of coal in the Livermore Valley, Cal., is expected to put coal into Oakland at \$1.50 per ton.

At a convention of Indiana miners, a wage scale committee was appointed and instructed to report a scale for the year beginning May 8, at the convention to be held in April.

At Mexico, Mo., an effort was made to cut the rate of wages from 75 cents per ton to 50 cents per ton. The men struck and after some idleness, work was resumed at the old rate.

A Louisville, Ky., paper suggests that the Government would do well to go into the coal business. It seems to us that the less paternalism there is in the Government the better it will be for the country.

The Tennessee Coal, Iron & R. R. Co., is opening a new coal mine at Blossburg, Ala. This, together with the new mines at Henryellen, indicates an improved demand for coal.

The miners in the Springfield, Ill., district have been notified of cut to 33 cents.

A 6-foot seam of coal reported found within the city limits of Des Moines, Iowa.

A price of 90 cents per ton for coal at the mines is said to be the basis under the new Ohio coal combine.

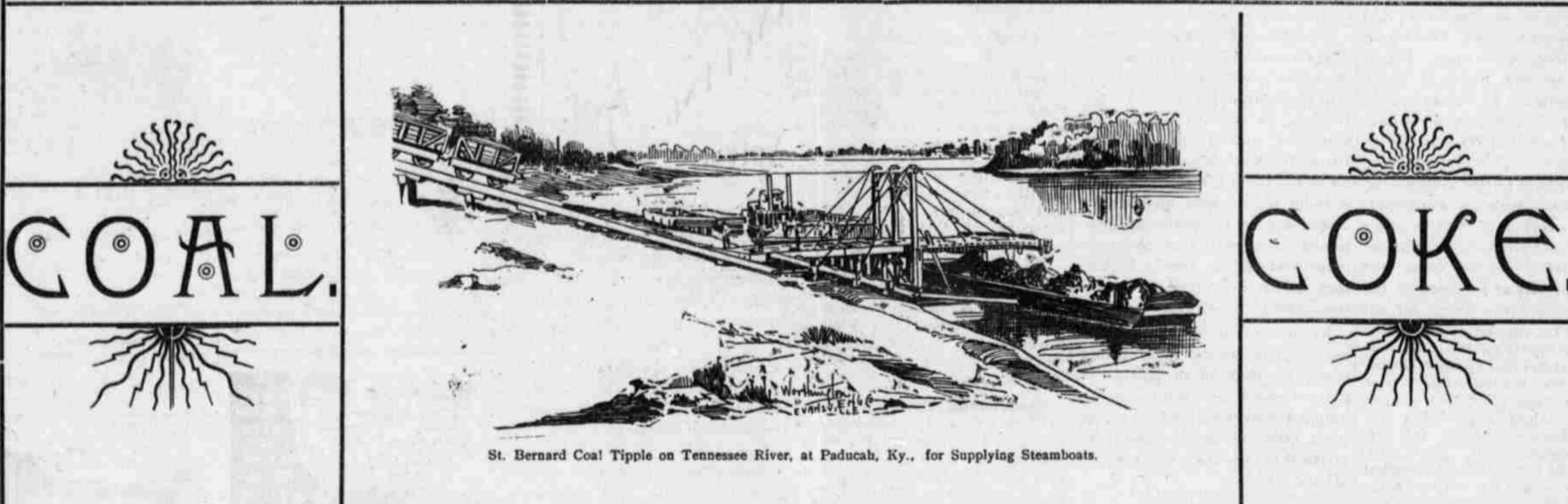
Men in Ohio idle for four months find that there is work for fewer men because of the introduction of machinery.

A stock company has been organized at Sebree, Ky., to develop the coal mines near that place.

The coal cars seem to grow larger each year and now some of them are nearly as deep as a box car would be with the roof removed. It is but a few years since 10 tons was a car-load; then came 15-ton cars, followed by 20 and 25 tons, and when 30 tons were reached they thought it necessary to place three trucks under it and it attracted much attention. Now 30-ton cars are the rule and it will not be surprising to soon see 40-ton cars in use. Engines have kept pace with the cars and now haul just as many cars as they used to when 10 tons made a car-load.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

(INCORPORATED.)



St. Bernard Coal Tipple on Tennessee River, at Paducah, Ky., for Supplying Steamboats.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. **THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.**

CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get **St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE** for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Operators on the Pacific coast are much "wrought up" over the admission of coal from Canada duty free; it has 80.51 per cent of fixed carbon.

Postmaster General Wilson thinks the business of the country is improving because the receipts of the Postoffice Department were largely increased during the last quarter. Coal men know that the increase in receipts in this department is due to the numerous duns that coal men find it necessary to send out to the dear people, who neglect paying coal bills.

The Illinois Central R. R. has recinded that cast-iron rule—to not allow loaded cars to be re-carried beyond Chicago at the low freight rates they are now making. They are offering car coal to all points on connecting roads where there are no through rates in effect.

Messrs. W. G. Coyle & Co., at New Orleans, La., have enlarged their coal business by purchasing the local plant of Joseph. Walton & Co., one of the largest coal firms in the country. The plant was managed about a year ago by Messrs. W. O. Wood & Co., but recently was conducted by Capt. J. B. Donahy.

The O. & P. Coal Co., of Sallaville, O., has had an electrical engineer looking over the slope mine, with a view of putting in electrical mining machines. They claim such an improvement would add greatly to their capacity and at the same time lessen expenses very materially.

At Worcester Mass., a couple of years ago a lot of coal yard employees went into business for themselves as the result of an unsuccessful strike for higher wages. Now the Central Labor Union is out with it and is making the charge against the directors that they are as bad as the barons against whom the men struck two years ago, when the yard was founded.

Once a year the story goes the rounds of a frog having been discovered in a piece of coal in a mine. This time the reported occurrence is dated from New Castle, Wash. The peculiarity of these things is that the report is always made up with such a nice regard to giving the name and address of the mine and mine owners. It looks to us as if the owner used the Associated Press to secure a good advertisement without cost.

DEATH OF JOHN MORGAN.

A GREENVILLIAN GIVES HIS VERSION OF THE AFFAIR.

The Confederate Was Surrounded While Sleeping.

Mr. P. W. Horn, writing from Greenville, Tenn., to the St. Louis Republic, tells the story of the death of Gen. John H. Morgan, the famous Confederate cavalryman, in the following words:

This good old town is full of historic interest in many respects, but perhaps no spot within it is more interesting to the student of history than the old Williams property, where Gen. John Morgan was killed. Everybody has read, both in prose and in poetry, of "Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible men;" most people know that Morgan was eventually killed at Greenville, Tenn., but very few people know the real circumstances that attended the killing. Each side has given its own version of the matter, and, as a result, many conflicting stories have been told. After investigating the matter carefully and impartially, and talking with numerous eye-witnesses of the affair, I am fully persuaded that the real truth of this important episode in our own war history lies as usual, about half way between the extreme claims made by the opposing parties.

The old Williams property is a large three-story brick building that stands now very near the central business part of the little town. It consists of a spacious main building, to which a long ell is added on the right, and in front of the greater portion of it there is a long portico, with tall brick columns supporting the upper portion of it. Even in its present condition one recognizes in it a survival of the typical old fashioned Southern country home. Formerly it was surrounded by a large vineyard and orchard, and had extensive grounds laid off, with flower beds and long rows of ornamental shrubbery and artificial driveways and fountains. I had the pleasure of seeing a faded old time daguerreotype of the place in the palmist days, and judging from that, the place must have been indeed a tower of loveliness. At present things are very much changed. The house has passed out of the hands of its former owners, and is now being used as a place for the manufacture of plug tobacco. Several of its numerous windows have been nailed up with plank, so that it stands there like a great blind, eyesless Samson.

Where the vineyard and orchard used to be there is now a block of compactly built business houses that from the other way, turning their backs squarely in front of the old Samson, as if only too willing to act the part of the mocking, insulting Philistines. Scarcely a dozen yards on the left of the old house there is now an elegant little residence, built in the tasteful, most modern style imaginable. A more striking illustration of the new South treading hard upon the heels of the old, would be difficult to find. I doubt if either building gains anything by its nearness to the other.

The old looks antiquated and out of date when contrasted with the new. The new looks irreverent, gaudy and a trifle out of date when compared with the old.

During the war the Williams property was occupied by Mrs. Alexander Williams, a widow, and one of the wealthiest ladies in that part of the country. One of her sons—Joseph—was in the Union army, but Tom and William were both captains in the Confederate service. The former was captain of Company E of the Sixteenth Tennessee battalion, while the latter served under Morgan. The wife of Gen. Morgan, who was the daughter of ex-Congressman Ready, of Murfreesboro, was a cousin of the Williams family, and consequently Morgan himself always regarded them as his folks and always managed to stop with them if he was in their part of the country at all. On Friday, September 2, 1864, he came down the country with a detachment of about 400 men and struck camp at Mt. Bethel church, not quite a mile from Greenville. About 4 o'clock that afternoon, attended by Capt. William Williams and a number of Federal bushwhackers, and I wish very much you'd stay closer to your men. I'm afraid you'll get into trouble here."

"Of course, Gen. Morgan," she replied, "you know that I would be glad to have you and William stay with us, but this country is full of hundred-day men, and I wish very much you'd stay closer to your men. I'm afraid you'll get into trouble here."

Morgan hovered at the idea of danger, and said he had seen too many tight places to be afraid of a few hundred day men. Mrs. Williams protested so against his stopping there that her son felt obliged to remonstrate with her.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "you are so timid that you are hardly respectful to the General. You must remember that he is a desperate fighter, and a man fully able to take care of himself."

In the Federal army with Gen. Gilliam, near the place called Ball Gap, now better known as Rogersville. The boy's father was a stage driver, and the boy himself must have inherited his father's fondness for horses. In some way he had got possession of an old broken down horse which had been condemned and left behind by one of the two armies that raided the unfortunate country alternatively. At Morgan's approach the boy hid his horse in a timbered hollow in the mountains; but so great was his fear lest Morgan should steal so valuable an animal that he determined to take him clear out of the neighborhood. Without consulting any one, he took a sack of corn, mounted his horse and announced his intention of going to the mill, started for the Federal forces near Ball Gap. There he did, not with the remotest intention to betray Morgan or his men, but merely in his boyish anxiety to be near his father and brothers, so that his much-prized horse might be safe. He reached his destination late at night, and as soon as Gen. Gilliam heard of his arrival he sent for him and questioned him. From this simple-minded 14-year-old boy the information was obtained which led to the death of the well-known invincible Morgan.

Gen. Gilliam was quick to act on the information he had received. Taking about 2,000 men with him, he dashed down the Rogersville road, thus evading the pickets, and in the faintest, earliest gray of that rainy Saturday morning, September 3, 1864, he swooped down upon Greenville, and before any one knew what was happening, he had the Williams house surrounded. Some of the guards were asleep; others fell at the first fire. In a moment all was transformed from a scene of rest and peace to one of tumult and war. All was confusion. Gen. Morgan, accompanied by one of his staff officers, ran down the front stairs, through the hall across the portico and down the steps into the yard. Bareheaded and barefooted, with only his shirt and pants on, he carried his boots in one hand and his pistol in the other.

"They're on you, General," gasped Mrs. Williams. "Hide quick!"

"Where?"

"Anywhere! Under the church there!"

There was a little Episcopal church just adjacent that had been erected through the generosity of the Williams family. It stood on wooden posts some little distance above the surface of the ground, and it was under this that Gen. Morgan and his staff officer first ran for shelter. The staff officer remained there and was afterward captured, but Morgan saw that he could be seen, and ran out again. He started through the vineyard and orchard and seemed to be trying to make his way to the stable across the alley, where his horse was kept. He was running along behind some boxwood trees that shielded him from observation by the Federals, and would probably have gotten through all right had he not been noticed by a woman in the second story of a little wooden hotel that stood a little distance off, just where the Mason house stands at present. This woman was Mrs. Fry, the widow of Col. David Fry, a Federal officer.

"I see him! There he goes! There he goes!" she shouted, pointing her finger toward him. Two Federal soldiers were attracted by her words and gestures, and came running up outside the fence in a direction parallel to the one Morgan was taking. "Bang, bang!" went their pistols as they fired at the fleeing chieftain, and Morgan fell forward on his face.

The two soldiers then kicked several pickets off the fence and carried the helpless body out through the opening thus made. By this time other soldiers had come up and a scene of tumultuous rejoicing was begun. The yet bleeding body was thrown across a horse and tied there—some say before the breath had left it—and then the soldiers catching hold of the bridle led him up and down through the streets of the town. It was still raining and the streets were muddy. Splash! splash! went the horse's hoofs in the mud and water, and the long Auburn locks of the dead man were splattered and bedraggled in them.

"Here's your d—n horse thief!" yelled someone, and then the crowd took up the cry. Morgan's guard had been driven off at the first onslaught, and the Union men made no attempt to follow. They had come after Morgan himself; they had gotten him; and now they were satisfied. Morgan's detachment of 400 at Bethel church soon learned that their leader was dead and the force against them was an overwhelmingly large one. On learning this they became demoralized and scurried off pell-mell without making any attempt at resistance. Morgan's body was paraded through the streets for an hour or two and was finally left on the depot platform. Later on Gen. Gilliam had it taken back to the Williams residence, with the message to Mrs. Williams that as she had taken care of him in life, she might now have the privilege of taking care of him in his death. When he was buried it was in Capt. Tom Williams's clothes.

It has long been a disputed question as to whether or not Gen. Morgan had surrendered when he was killed. Southern sympathizers claimed that his killing was the brutal murder of a defenseless prisoner of war after he had thrown up his hands and surrendered, while Northern historians have asserted that it was a fair and honorable death on the field of battle and that of a brave man. In order to investigate this matter, I called upon Tom Cline, a negro who was standing in one corner of the garden at the time and saw the whole occurrence at a distance of not more than twenty yards from it. Tom is a gigantic mulatto, of Herculean frame, and looks the very typification of the old-time negro serving man. He is honest and industrious, a property owner and a man held by those who know him to be of unimpeachable veracity. I asked him to tell me all about the killing, and he recited all the events just as I had been told them by other people who knew, and just as I have given them here.

"Tom," said I, "there is one special question I want to ask you. Had Gen. Morgan surrendered when he was killed?"

"Had he thrown up his hands?"

"No, sah!"

A BURGULAR'S CONFSSION.

A man signing his name "E. Randolph Higginson, of Boston," who admits that he has been committing burglaries in Atchison for some time, sends the following card of thanks to this office, says the Atchison Globe:

"Although my receipts in Atchison have been comparatively small, I would not have the citizens think me ungrateful, and hereby extend thanks for what little I take away from the town. My stay in your city has been pleasant, and I have been treated with much courtesy by the best people that I may return at another time. I have enjoyed very much the visits to some of your homes, and my only regret is that I did not have my wife along to enjoy it. I regret to notice that Jim Waggener values the watch I took from his residence at \$50. If he really paid this amount for the watch he was robbed and ought to crack down on the dealer who sold it to him. I tried to pawn the watch in St. Joe yesterday, but was only offered \$2.75 for it."

"It is a shame for a good citizen to be robbed in this manner. I was talking to a policeman a few days ago who informed me that the ladies of Atchison do not bring flowers and pie and cake to the prisoners in the county jail. Accordingly I gave the officer no opportunity to arrest and keep me in the county jail for a time on suspicion. I don't know whether I ought to give away professional secrets or not, but will say that the gleaming dagger some claim to have seen me brandishing was really an icicle. During the twenty years I have been in the business I have never injured a human being. I have too much respect for the teachings of the Bible to do such a thing. I never have any trouble from the men, notwithstanding their shooting me full of holes. The only trouble I ever have is from screaming women and barking dogs. Before closing, I must say that the people should not consume me too severely. They must remember that all the goods I take are second-hand."

In addition to the establishment of high schools, every township should be organized into a Farmers' Union, composed of every family engaged in agricultural pursuit, whose domestic stands within the township lines. In these Unions should be consolidated the influence and attainments of the Farmers' Alliance, and all other farmers' organizations now in operation, bringing with them, and uniting, their accumulations of wisdom and experience for the common good. The building provided for the high school should have an ample hall in which the Union can assemble, not less than once each month, and discuss all questions of practical interest pertaining to agricultural pursuits. At these meetings, practical knowledge should be disseminated, the results of chemical analysis of the soil, its wants and necessities, should be explained, and the best methods of supplying the

EDUCATION OF THE FARMER.

To my mind this subject stands conspicuous above and beyond all other questions that concern the prosperity and happiness of all those who engage in agricultural pursuits. The farmer's education should be such as to fit him for the most exalted station in life, because his pursuit is the most essential and should be regarded as the most honorable. The farmer should be fitted to gather knowledge from every source that will aid him in comprehending nature's laws as exhibited in the intricacies of plant and animal life and upon a knowledge of which his success must largely depend. The highest object of education is to teach men to study and investigate. While education is needed by every citizen and is his inherent right, yet no other class of our people is called to fill so important a position, so diversified in its interests, and so comprehensive in its relations, as is the farmer. Greater in number than any other class or even all other classes combined, yet the farmer is subject to laws which totally ignore his existence as a factor in society. The farmer may work incessantly from year to year while others control and fix the price of his labor and the product of his toil.

But the question here arises, How can this be accomplished? By placing a high school in every township, where every science pertaining to agriculture shall be taught by competent instructors, thereby inculcating and disseminating the knowledge obtained by scientific investigation, and introducing the latest and most approved methods employed in every department of agricultural pursuits. There the farmer's sons and daughters can acquire a suitable literary and scientific education within their reach and under the supervision of their fathers. It may be asked, Why not send the boys and girls to colleges and literary institutions instead of bringing the institutions to them? I answer, when farmers' sons and daughters receive their education away from home they are lost to the farm influences; and the calling and pursuit in which their education and energy are most needed is likely to be lost sight of in the more exciting life of the city.

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lacking properties necessary to promote the successful growth and cultivation of the various crops should be set forth in plain terms. This work should embrace all the discoveries of science that will aid the farmer in solving the vexed questions and intricate problems that are continually arising to impede his progress. He will thus be saved the costly expense of the thousands of blind experiments he has been forced to perform, in a vain endeavor to discover, with the light he possessed, the cause of a long succession of failures to reach profitable and satisfactory results.—American Magazine of Civics.

THE CARE OF ANIMALS.

"I cannot keep horses," said an intelligent suburbanite, "because I must intrust their care to disinterested persons, and I am too fond of my horses to take the risk of having them ill-treated or badly handled. I used to go home from the city time and again, only to feel compelled by my sense of right and humanity to put on my stable suit and go out and work for an hour over a fast team that I owned. They would be put into the stable wet and muddy, and would stand there and dry off their heated bodies generating steam until the windows were covered with frost. They got lame and stiff, and one of them died, and I gave it up. I could not impress on the minds of any of the men I employed the necessity for rubbing the horse dry if he came in wet and muddy. If my back was turned an enormous bulk of clean straw was thrown down for the animals and blankets were put on them. With these they were supposed, by constant moving about, to get themselves dry and clean, or, at least, approximately so, the finishing touches to the business being put on by five minutes of brushing and whisking."

"No horse when heated by exercise should be allowed to stand for even five minutes in the stall it is to occupy for the night, and this idea led me to provide temporary stalls for the horses when they came in from the road on stormy days. But this only made matters worse, as, when they were finally put up for the night, they seemed so clean and dry that, unless I stood by, the men would not take the trouble to give them the necessary thorough rubbing down."

"Cows and all other domestic animals should either be housed from storms or rubbed dry when brought in. Dairy men who have tried it say that good grooming of a cow adds immensely to her value as a milk-producer. People who allow their horned cattle to stand out in the beatings of the pitiless snow and storm have little comprehension of the possibilities that attend good care and proper precaution for these valuable creatures. Dog-fanciers say that these animals are often rendered useless from rheumatism through being put into kennels while they are wet. They come in with the thick hair sodden with moisture, and are expected to dry themselves on their beds of straw. Then on this damp stuff they are forced to sleep all night. It is an excellent plan to have a large room, with a pile of straw on the floor. In this the dogs may be taught to

play and roll when they come in wet, and here they may stay until they are thoroughly dried off, when the clean straw of the kennels will be safe and acceptable beds for the night."

DO SNAKES HEAR?

The popular idea that snakes are charmed by music and can be made to dance is entirely exploded by the investigation of some of the most eminent naturalists.

It is claimed that sounds affect snakes only as the vibrations reach their sense of feeling. To prove this, a number of cobras were placed in a room and musicians were ranged on a pile of rugs and required to play. A light screen was brought and set up so that the snakes could not see the players, who piped and scraped with might and main, without causing the slightest movement on the part of the reptiles. The scene was then taken away, when the cobras began to rouse up and, standing erect, moved their heads from side to side, following the swing of the violinist's elbow. A pipe, who sat perfectly still, did not seem to attract their attention in the least.

A single cobra was then selected for experiment. Music unaccompanied by any marked action had no effect on it; but when a man stepped out some distance before it, and began raining and dropping first one hand, then the other, the creature showed the utmost activity, swaying its body from side to side and sometimes striking forward with such force that its head came in contact with the floor.

From these experiments it appears that the so-called dancing snake is only a poor, frightened captive waving its head and body about as if to find some way to escape.

Other snakes, confined invariably, become excited and nervous when sound vibrations reached them through the medium of their prison houses. A violin resting on one of these cases was played when the occupants became greatly disturbed, but quieted down at once when the instrument was removed, even though it was played as close to the case as possible without touching it.

The sight of snakes seems to be very clear and keen, but they may possibly be like the earth-worm: Sensitive to sound only as the vibrations of it reach their sense of feeling.

Very Respectfully,
CASPER HARRIS,

CASPER HARRIS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
MADISONVILLE, KY.

If you want shoes to fit and to wear well, have them made to order. Call at my shoe-making establishment opposite the Court House, have your measure taken for a first class hand-made shoe. Shoes of my make, as all my customers will tell you, are made of the best material and are, in every respect, just what a man needs.